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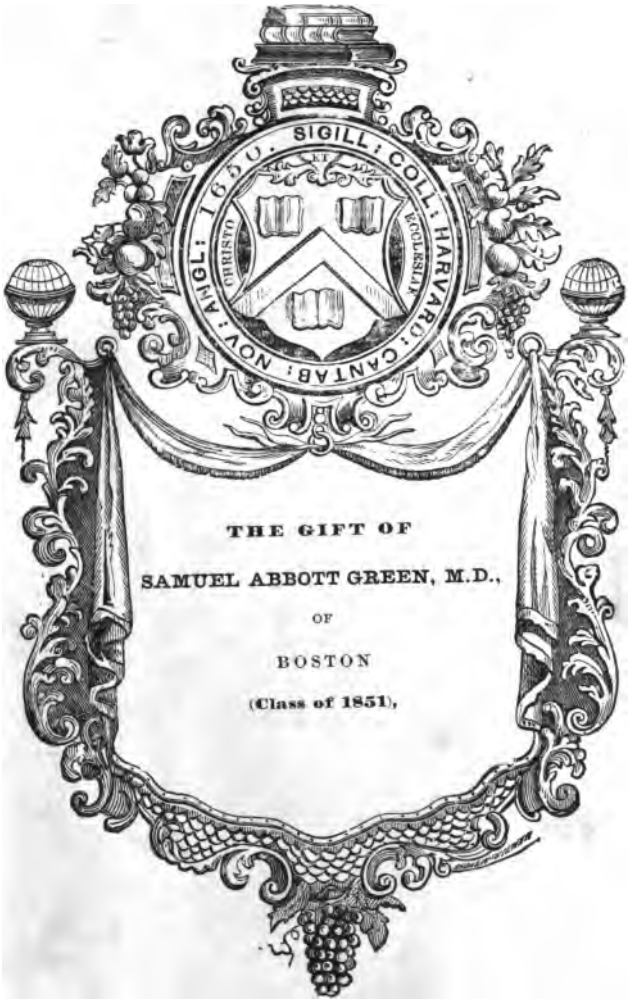

THE GIFT OF

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No. VIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

MONEY:

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIR EDWARD ~~LYTTON~~ BULWER Lytton

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM TAYLOR, No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

WM. TAYLOR AND CO., CORNER OF NORTH AND BALTIMORE STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD.; AND ALL OTHER PERIODICAL BOOKSELLERS AND DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

1845.

22426.27.51
~~22484.40~~
1884 May 29,
Gift of
Hon. S. A. Green,
of Boston.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE comedy of "Money" was originally produced the 8th of December, 1840, at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The critic of the *Literary Gazette* says of its performance: "A better acting or better acted play has not been brought out in our day, and we remember 'John Bull.' It often, by its sparkling allusions, recalled the 'School for Scandal' to our minds; and the drop-scene certainly fell upon every act amid bursts of applause at the skill displayed in the construction of these pauses, giving each a scenic effect and interest, which could not be improved. The strength of the play is not in plot—it is meagre; nor in actual and consequential circumstances, for there are some errors and improbabilities. But the genuine power of this performance belongs to an ancient, recognised, and high order of the comic—the power of seizing the characters and manners of the age, and holding the mirror up to society; and that, too, after it has so long been asserted that the progress of civilization had destroyed the materials for such a purpose. The characters all stand out well from the mass. *Dudley, alias Deadly Smooth* (Wrench), the cool, calculating gambler, who, when asked, 'Can you keep a secret?' happily replies, 'I have kept myself,' is one instance; *Graves* (Webster), ever lamenting his lost shrew of a wife, and betrayed into laughable extravagances by his very griefs, winding up the whole by

the witty hit, as he goes off with the widow (Mrs. Glover), 'Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction!' is another. *Stout* (D. Rees), a radical M.P., all for the enlightenment of the nation, is a third original and striking part. In *Sir John Vesey* (Strickland), also, there are several traits of much originality; and *Sir Frederick Blount* (Lacy), a fashionable coxcomb, is nearly as good. *Lord Glossmore* (Vining), as an aristocratic contrast to *Stout*, is well imagined; and the principal character, that of *Evelyn* (Macready), extremely forcible, both in the feeling, and apparently reckless and bitterly satirical situations, in which he speaks and acts."

The present edition of "Money" conforms to the acting copy prepared for the Park Theatre. It was found impossible to adhere rigidly to the text of the closet edition, and at the same time adapt it to the wants of the actor. The alterations are not, however, of a character to mar the effect of the piece in the reading, while they are calculated to improve it in the acting.

COSTUMES, *those of the present day.*

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; *M. D. Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. *means Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre.*

*** *The reader is supposed to be on the stage, facing the Audience.*

MONEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room in* SIR JOHN VESEY'S *house; folding doors at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right a table with newspapers, books, &c.; to the left a sofa writing-table.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA. (R. C.)

Sir J. (reading a letter edged with black.) Yes, he says at two precisely. "*Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria,*"—Hum—that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

Geo. Well, as since her death?—

Sir J. (reading.) "*I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely.* HENRY GRAVES."

Geo. And you really feel sure that poor Mr. Mordaunt has made me his heiress?

Sir J. Ay, the richest heiress in England. Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

Geo. And are you not, papa?

Sir J. Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! There are two rules in life—First, men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be.

Secondly, if you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of 400*l.* a-year—on the strength of 400*l.* a-year, I took credit for 800*l.*: on the strength of 800*l.* a-year I married your mother with 10,000*l.*: on the strength of 10,000*l.* I took credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dickey Gossip three guineas a-week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack."

Geo. Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

Sir J. But a valuable reputation, When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of 2000*l.* a-year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear!—all humbug, upon my soul!

Geo. I must say that you—

Sir J. Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune, as I spend all that I have, I can have nothing to leave you; yet even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of "Stingy Jack." The same with your education. I never grudged anything to make a show—never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that's the way young ladies are educated now-a-days in order to become a pride to their parents and a blessing to their husband—that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

Geo. Ah, papa, he is charming.

Sir J. He *was so*, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress, such as you will be, should look out for a duke.—Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

Geo. I 've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

Sir J. A humorist—a cynic! one never knows how to take him. My private secretary, a poor cousin, has not got a

shilling, and yet, hang me if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

Geo. But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

Sir J. There you are wrong: he has a great deal of talent: prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. Besides, he *is* our cousin—he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world; and benevolence is a useful virtue, particularly when you can have it for nothing. With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—a mere useless incumbrance; so, you see, I got my half sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

Geo. How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

Sir J. I don't know, my dear; the longer the better—for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes.

Enter LADY FRANKLIN *and* CLARA. R.

Sir J. My dear sister, we were just loud in your praise. But how's this?—not in mourning?

Lady Frank. Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

Sir J. Still there may be a legacy.

Lady Frank. Then there'll be less cause for affliction. *(retires up a little.)*

Sir J. (aside.) Very silly woman! But Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum; yet you are very, *very*, VERY distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think.

Clara. Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

Sir J. Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

Lady Frank. So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

Sir J. The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! we shall see.—*(Aside.)* Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband.

Enter EVELYN, [*seats himself* R. C. *and takes up a book, unobserved.*]

Sir J. What a crowd of relations this Will brings to light: Mr. Stout, the Political Economist—Lord Glossmore—

Lady Frank. Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for everything popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

Sir J. Sir Frederick Blount—

Lady Frank. Sir Fwedewick Blount, you mean, who objects to the letter R as being too *w*ough, and therefore d*w*ops its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, entrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours. Then, too, our poor cousin, the scholar—Oh, Mr. Evelyn, there you are! *(Crosses to* L. *corner.)*

Sir J. Evelyn—the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—Latin, you know!—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the Customs?—and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

Geor. And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last H. B. and the Comic Annual?

Eve. (Always reading.) Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus——*(looking up,)* Ma'am—Sir—Miss Vesey—you want something of me? ——Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving, tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings—no apologies—I am quite at your service.

Sir J. Now he's in one of his humors!

Lady Frank. You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

Eve. You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else. I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

Lady Frank. I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate, that you never allow any one to detect it! [*Walks aside a little,* L.

Eve. I could not do your commissions to-day; I have been to visit a poor woman who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, *very*—sick—dying—and she owes six months' rent!

Sir J. You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse—[*aside*] (some people's nurses are always ill!)—there are so many impostors about!—We 'll talk of it to-morrow. This most mournful occasion takes up all my attention. [*Looking at his watch.*] Bless me, so late! I 've letters to write, and—none of the pens are mended! [*Exit,* R.

Geor. [*Taking out her purse.*] I think I will give it to him: and yet, if I don't get the fortune after all!—papa allows me so little!—then I *must* have those ear-rings. [*Puts up the purse.*] Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

Eve. [*Writes and gives it.*] She has a good heart with all her foibles!—Ah! Miss Vesey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn had not been this beggar to your father.

[*Clara looks over the address.*

Geor. I will certainly attend to it, [*aside*] if I get the fortune.

Sir J. [*Calling without.*] Georgy, I say.

Geor. Yes, papa. [*Exit,* R.

Evelyn has seated himself again at the table (to the right) and leans his face on his hands.

Clara. His noble spirit bowed to this! Ah, at least here I may give him comfort. [*Sits down to write.*] But he will recognise my hand.

Lady Frank. [*Looking over her shoulder.*] What bill are you paying, Clara?—putting up a bank note?

Clara. Hush! O, Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person—I would not

have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it. Would you?—No, he knows *her* handwriting also!

Lady Frank. Will I—what? give the money myself? with pleasure! Poor Clara—Why this covers all your savings—and I am so rich!

Clara. Nay, I would wish to do all myself! It is a pride—a duty—it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But, hush!—this way.

[*They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.*]

Eve. And thus must I grind out my life for ever!—I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down!—I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools!—I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But, no—if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter!

Lady Frank. [*To Clara.*] Yes, I will get my maid to copy and direct this—she writes well, and *her* hand will will never be discovered. I will have it done, and sent instantly. [*Exit*, R.

Clara *advances to the front of the stage and seats herself—*
Evelyn *reading—Enter* Sir Frederick Blount, R. C.

Blount. No one in the woom!—Oh, Miss Douglas!—Pway don't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey—Georgina? [*Taking Clara's chair as she rises.*

Eve. [*Looking up, gives Clara a chair and re-seats himself.*] [*Aside.*] Insolent puppy!

Clara. Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

Blount. Not for the world—vewy pwetty girl this companion!

Clara. What did you think of the Panorama the other day, cousin Evelyn?

Eve. [*Reading.*]

> "I cannot talk with civet in the room,
> A fine puss gentleman that 's all perfume!"

Rather good lines these.

Blount. Sir!

Eve. [*Offering the book.*] Don't you think so?—Cowper.

Blount. [*Declining the book.*] Cowper!

Eve. Cowper.

Blount. [*Shrugging his shoulders, to Clara.*] Stwange

person, Mr. Evelyn!—quite a chawacter!—Indeed the Panowama gives you no idea of Naples—a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there evewy second year—I am vewy fond of twavelling. You 'd like Wome (Rome)—bad inns, but vewy fine wuins; gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

Eve. (Reading.)

> "How much a dunce that has been sent to Rome
> Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

Blount. [*Aside.*] That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things!—Humph!—it is beneath me to quawwell—[*Aloud.*] It will not take long to wead the Will, I suppose. Poor old Mordaunt—I am his nearest male welation. He was vewy eccentwic. [*Draws his chair nearer.*] By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemark my cuwicle? It is bwinging cuwicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you would allow me to dwive you out. Nay—nay—I should, upon my word. [*Trying to take her hand.*

Eve. [*Starting up.*] A wasp!—a wasp!—just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

Blount. A wasp!—where?—don't bwing it this way!—some people don't mind them. I 've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnably!

Eve. I beg pardon—it 's only a gad-fly.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Serv. Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. [*Exit Servant.*

Blount. Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina—but if this one would take a fancy to me [*thoughtfully*]—Well, I don't see what harm it could do me!—*Au plaisir!* [*Exit,* R.

Eve. Clara!

Clara. Cousin!

Eve. And you too are a dependent!

Clara. But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

Eve. Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcombry of admiration—more galling than the arrogance of contempt!—Look you now—

robe Beauty in silk and cachemire—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds—fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses, both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless; oh, *then* the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

Clara. My cousin, you are cruel!

Eve. Forgive me! There is a something when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter.

Clara. I can smile at the pointless innocence——

Eve. Smile—and he took your hand!—Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you, young—fair—rich—the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. [*Clara about to speak.*] No—speak not!—my heart has broke its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread, purchased by toils, that should have led to loftier ends: yes, to see you—hear you; for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. Oh, Clara! we are orphans both—friendless both; you are all in the world to me [*she turns away*]; turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I LOVE YOU!

Clara. No—Evelyn—Alfred—No! Say it not—think it not! it were madness.

Eve. Madness!—Nay, hear me yet. I *am* poor—penniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True!—But I have a heart of iron! I have knowledge—patience—health,—and my love for you gives me at last ambition! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved thee! With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smooth—and I—I, poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand—*this* hand—shall it not be mine? [*Kneels.*]

Clara. Ah, Evelyn! Never—never!

Eve. Never! [*Rises.*]

Clara. Forget this folly; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both!

Eve. [*Bitterly.*] Because I am poor!

Clara. And I *too!* A marriage of privation—of penury—of days that dread the morrow! I have seen such a lot! Never return to this again. [*Crosses to* R.

Eve. Enough—you are obeyed I deceived myself—ha!—ha!—I fancied that I too was loved. I whose youth is already half gone with care and toil!—whose mind is soured—whom nobody *can* love—who ought to have loved no one!

Clara. [*Aside.*] And if it were only *I* to suffer, or perhaps to starve!—Oh, what shall I say? Evelyn—Cousin!

Eve. Madam.

Clara. Alfred—I—I—

Eve. Reject me!

Clara. Yes! It is past! [*Exit,* R.

Eve. Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well! courage! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break! And now that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune! [*Retires up to the table,* R.

Enter Lord GLOSSMORE, *preceded by Servant,* R.

Serv. I will tell Sir John, my Lord! [*Exit,* R.

[EVELYN *takes up the newspaper.*

Gloss. The Secretary—hum!—Fine day, sir; any news from the East? [*to Evelyn.*]

Eve. (R.) Yes!—all the wise men have gone back there!

Gloss. Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

Enter STOUT, R.

Stout. (R. C.) Good morning, Glossmore.

Gloss. (L.) *Glossmore!*—the Parvenu!

Stout. Afraid I might be late—been detained at the Vestry—astonishing how ignorant the English poor are!—took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her

three shillings a-week was against all the rules of public morality!

Eve. (R.) Excellent!—admirable!—Your hand, sir!

Gloss. What! You approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn! Are old women only fit to be starved!

Eve. Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my Lord—to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation!

Stout. A very superior person that!

Gloss. Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times, when it was the duty of the rich to succour the distressed.

Eve. On second thoughts *you* are right, my Lord. I, too, know a poor woman—ill—dying—in want. Shall *she*, too, perish?

Gloss. Perish! horrible!—in a Christian country. Perish! Heaven forbid!

Eve. [*Holding out his hand.*] What, then, will you give her?

Gloss. Ehem! Sir—the parish ought to give.

Stout. No—No—No! Certainly not! [*With vehemence.*

Enter SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, LADY FRANKLIN, *and* GEORGINA, R.

Sir J. How d'ye do!—Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased! what a man he was!

Blount. I was chwistened Fwedewick after him! He was my first cousin.

Sir J. And Georgina his own niece—next of kin!—an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver! I sent him twice a-year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It 's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

Stout. And I, too, sent him the Parliamentary Debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man—and a follower of Malthus: never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now—

Eve. He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. Hush! hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

Enter SERVANT, R.

Serv. Mr. Graves—Mr. Sharp.

Sir J. Oh, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp, the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

Enter GRAVES *and* SHARP, R.

Chorus of SIR JOHN, GLOSSMORE, BLOUNT, STOUT.

Ah, Sir—Ah, Mr. Graves!

[*Georgina holds her handkerchief to her eyes.*

Sir J. A sad occasion!

Graves. But every thing in life is sad. Be comforted, Miss Vesey. True, you have lost an uncle; but I—I have lost a wife—such a wife!—the first of her sex—and the second cousin of the defunct! Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning, my wounds bleed afresh.

[*Servants hand round wine and sandwiches.*

Sir J. Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

Graves. Thank you!—(very fine sherry!)—my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was *her* wine: everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! *you* knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now. [*Aside.*] A monstrous fine woman that!

Sir J. And now to business. Evelyn, you may retire.

Sharp. [*looking at his notes.*] Evelyn—any relation to Alfred Evelyn?

Eve. The same.

Sharp. Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, Sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling; all the relations, however distant, should be present.

Lady Frank. Then Clara is related—I will go for her.

[*Exit,* R.

Geor. Ah, Mr. Evelyn; I hope you will come in for something—a few hundreds, or even more.

Sir J. Silence! Hush! Whugh! ugh! Attention.

[*While the Lawyer opens the Will, re-enter* LADY FRANKLIN *and* CLARA.]

Sharp. The will is very short—being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

Sir J. I wish there were more like him!—[*Groans and shakes his head*].

[*Chorus groan and shake their heads.*

Sharp. [*reading.*] "I, Frederick James' Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at the present date of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath—imprimis, to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London—[*Chorus exhibit lively emotion*]—being the value of the Parliamentary Debates, with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof which he always forgot to pay—the sum of 14*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* [*Chorus breathe more freely.*

Stout. Eh! what!—14*l.*? Oh, hang the old miser!

Sir J. Decency—decency! Proceed, Sir.

Sharp. "Item—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative—[*chorus exhibit lively emotion*]—

Blount. Poor old boy!

[*Georgina puts her arm over Blount's chair.*

Sharp. "Being, as I am informed, the best dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of 500*l.* to buy a dressing case. [*Chorus breathe more freely; Georgina catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.*]

Blount. [*Laughing confusedly.*] Ha! Ha! Ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

Sir J. Silence, now, will you?

Sharp. "Item.—To Charles Lord Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John. [*Chorus as before.*

Gloss. Butterflies!—pedigree!—I disown the plebeian!

Sir J. [*Angrily.*] Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency—go on.

Sharp "Item.—To Sir John Vesey, Baron, Knight of the Guelph, F. R. S., F. S. A., &c.— [*Chorus as before.*

Sir J. Hush! *Now* it is really interesting!

Sharp. "Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death—I bequeath—the empty bottles.

Sir J. Why, the ungrateful, rascally, old—

Chorus. Decency, Sir John—decency!

Sharp. "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany— [*Chorus as before.*

Graves. Pooh, gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear!

Sharp. "The sum of 5,000*l.* in the Three per Cents.

Lady Frank. I wish you joy!

Graves. Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been *land* now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

Sharp. "Item—To my niece Georgina Vesey—

[*Chorus as before.*

Sir J. Ah, now it comes!

Sharp. "The sum of 10,000*l.* India stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess.

Sir J. And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

Chorus. Really, Sir John, this too revolting. Decency! Hush!

Sharp. "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India stock, bonds, exchequer bills, three per cents, consols, and in the bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.) to Alfred Evelyn, now or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge—[*Universal excitement.*]—Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me, and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth." [*All rise.*] And now, sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased—I believe it is important.

[*Gives letter to Evelyn.*

Eve. [*Crossing over to Clara.*] Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

Clara. [*Turning away.*] And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us for ever!

[*All surround Evelyn with congratulations.*

Sir J. [*To Georgina.*] Go, child—put a good face on it,—he's an immense match! My dear fellow, I wish you joy: you are a great man now—a very great man!

Eve. [*Aside.*] And *her* voice alone is silent!

Lord Gloss. If I can be of any use to you—

Stout. Or I, sir—

Blount. Or I? Shall I put you up at the clubs?

Sharp. You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs

Sir J. Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home *here*. Always looked on him as a son. Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

Eve. Lend me 10*l.* for my old nurse!

[*Chorus put their hands into their pockets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An anteroom in Evelyn's new house; at one corner, behind a large screen,* Mr. SHARP *writing at a desk, books and parchments before him.*—Mr. CRIMSON, *the portrait painter;* Mr. GRAB, *the publisher;* Mr. TABOURET, *the upholsterer;* Mr. PATENT, *the coachmaker; and Mr.* FRANTZ, *the tailor. Servants in livery cross to and fro the stage.*

Pat. [*To Frantz, showing a drawing*] Yes, sir; this is the Evelyn vis-a-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

Frantz. But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!

Door at the back thrown open.—Enter EVELYN.

Eve. A levee, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

Crim. Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

Eve. Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

Crim. Oh, sir, did'nt you buy the great Correggio for 4000*l.*?

Eve. True—I see. So 4000*l.* makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson. Good day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me 5*l.* for my poem? you are right: it was sad doggrel.

Grab. Doggrel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

Eve. Very bad times with me.

Grab. But, now, sir, if you give me the preference, I'll push it, sir—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed!—500*l.* for the poem, sir!

Eve. 500*l.* when I don't want it, where 5*l.* once would have seemed a fortune.

"Now I am rich, what value in the lines!
How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

[*Turns to the rest who surround him.*

Pat. [*Showing drawing.*] The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

Frantz. [*Opening his bundle and with dignity.*] Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat.

Eve. Oh, go to——that is, go home!—Make me as celebrated for vis-à-vis', salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go! [*Exeunt Patent, &c.* R.

Enter STOUT, R.

Eve. Stout, you look heated!

Stout. I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

Eve. It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the boro' the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election!—now is your time!—put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment?—By all that is bigoted here comes Glossmore!

[*Crosses to* L.

Enter GLOSSMORE, R.; SHARP *still at his desk.*

Gloss. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlylike!) Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man!

Eve. [*Musingly.*] Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and

Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I am puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

Stout. Your *property*'s known there!

Eve. But purity of election—independence of votes—

Stout. To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably*. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

Eve. Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have 50,000*l.* a-year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of 50,000*l.* a-year will be affected by the motion.

Eve. Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker 5,000*l.* a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money!

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Eve. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all!—Did you ever play at *battledore?*

Both. Battledore!

Eve. Battledore!—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the by-standers! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves, —I'm no hand at it! [*Crosses*, L.]

Stout. [*Aside.*] Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat!

Gloss. Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

Stout. Then you don't go *against* us?—I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. [*Exit*, R.

Gloss. I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone! [*Exit*, R.

Eve. [*At table*, R.] Sharp, come here, [*Sharp advances*,] let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest; but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose.

Eve. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the pocket! Observe! I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here—! Now, there is many a man in yonder streets, honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that litttle coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man—Sir, behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it. [*Rises.*] Fools—knaves—hypocrites! By the by, Sharp, send 100*l.* to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

Enter Graves, R.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is!

Graves. It is an atrocious world!—it will be set on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

Eve. Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds! Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for?—have you no bowels?—why don't you go and see to the bricklayer. [*Exit Sharp*, R.

Eve. Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion, you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

Graves. [*Groaning.*] Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Eve. [*Sighs.*] Because I am miserable myself!

Graves. You! Pshaw! *you* have not been condemned to lose a wife?

Eve But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one! Sit down and listen. [*They seat themselves.*] I want a confidant! Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

Graves. A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Eve. On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar! a Pariah!—a thing to *be* struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted. That is the difference between rich and poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned my spirit to my fate—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that; there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

Graves. And were you loved again?

Eve. I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth, I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

Graves. Perfectly: what were the contents?

Eve. After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest, (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!) it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"*Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be*

placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favor. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice: my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition; the fortune does not *rest* on it; yet, need I say, that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide: you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

Graves. But now she would accept you!

Eve. And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

Graves. But you must choose one in common gratitude; you *ought* to do so—yes, there you are right.

Eve. Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you may never warm to life—Oh! such a marriage would be a hell the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

Graves. Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous.—[*Aside.*] But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria!—[*Aloud.*] Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you *will* be as wretched as myself! When you are married we will mingle our groans together!

Eve. You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, "*from an unknown Friend to Alfred Evelyn,*" and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had given only to Georgina.

Graves. Why not assure yourself?

Eve. Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! [*Taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it.*] No, I can't recognise the hand. Graves, I detest that girl! [*Rises.*]

Graves. Who? Georgina?

Eve. No; but I've already, thank heaven! taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer. [*Whispers.*] I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas 20,000*l.*

Graves. And did'nt it?

Eve. Not a farthing! But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man, does not guess! owes it to me whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar! Ha! ha! there's some spite in that, eh?

Graves. You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter, after all!

Eve. Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant. (R.)

Graves. Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman. If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

Eve. No; no; don't think any such thing: women are even worse than men.

Graves. True; to love is a boy's madness!

Eve. To feel is to suffer!

Graves. To hope is to be deceived.

Eve. I have done with romance!

Graves. Mine is buried with Maria!

Eve. If Clara did but write this!—

Graves. Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears—a vale of tears!

Eve. A vale of tears, indeed! [*Exeunt,* R.

Re-enter Graves *for his hat.*

And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads! [*Exit,* R.

Scene II.—*Drawing rooms at* Sir John Vesey's, *as in Scene I., Act I.*

Enter Lady Franklin *and* Clara, r. c. *laughing.*

Clara. Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

Lady Frank. (r.) I hope so—for it's the most becoming thing a woman can wear! Think of that when you marry. Oh, talking of marriage, I've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

Clara. Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

Lady Frank. For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

Clara. But why does he regret her?

Lady Frank. Why? Because he has everything to make him happy. Easy fortune, good health, respectable character. And since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest, it's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent—pale—unhappy;—tears, too!

Clara. No—no—not tears. No!

Lady Frank. Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you 20,000*l.* every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

Clara. [*With disdain.*] Sir Frederick!

Lady Frank. Ah! Clara, be comforted—I know your secret: I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

Clara. He did—it is past now. He misconceived me when he was poor; and now he is rich, it is not for me to explain.

Lady Frank. My dear child, happiness is too rare to be sacrificed to a scruple. Why does he come here so often?

Clara. Perhaps for Georgina!

Enter Sir John, r. c., *and turns over the books, &c. on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.*

Lady Frank. Pooh! Georgina is my niece; she is handsome and accomplished—but her father's worldliness has spoilt her nature—she is not worthy of Evelyn! Let

me only tell him that you dictated that letter—that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

Clara. He would have guessed it, had *his* love been like *mine.*

Lady Frank. Guessed it—nonsense! The handwriting unknown to him—every reason to think it came from Georgina.

Sir J. [*Aside,* R.—*at table.*] Hum! came from Georgina!

Lady Frank. Come, *let* me tell him *this.* I know the effect it would have upon his choice.

Clara. Choice! oh, that humiliating word! No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

Lady Frank. But—

Clara. No! Promise—faithfully—sacredly. I have refused to share his poverty, and I should die with shame if he thought I had now grown enamored of his wealth. My kind friend, you will keep your promise?

Lady Frank. Yes, since it must be so.

Clara. Thanks. I—I—forgive me—I am not well.

[*Exit,* R.

Lady Frank. What fools these girls are!—they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

Sir J. Have you seen the Times newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can't find the Times newspaper.

Lady Frank. I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

Sir J. My dear sister—you 're the best creature. Do!

[*Exit Lady Frank.,* R.

Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own family! What can this *letter* be? Ah! I recollect something.

Enter GEORGINA, R. C.

Geor. (L.) Papa, I want—

Sir J. Yes, I know what you want, well enough! Tell me—were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

Geor. No! He gave me the address, and I promised, if—

Sir J. Gave you *the address?*—that 's lucky! Hush!

Enter GRAVES, EVELYN, *and* SERVANT, R.

Servant. Mr. Graves—Mr. Evelyn. [*Exit Serv.*, R.

Lady Frank. [*Returning.*] Here is the newspaper.

Graves. Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads!—Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery—Turn to the leading article! and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half of the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crisises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution! And that's a newspaper—a newspaper—a newspaper!

Lady Frank. (R. C.) Ha! ha! your usual vein! always so amusing and good humored!

Graves. [*Frowning and very angry.*] Ma'am—good-humored!—

Lady Frank. Ah! you should always wear that agreeable smile; you look so much younger—so much handsomer, when you smile!

Graves. [*softened.*] Ma'am——a charming creature, upon my word! [*Aside.*

Lady Frank. You have not seen the last H. B.? it is excellent. I think it might make you *laugh*. But, by-the-by, I don't think you can laugh.

Graves. Ma'am—I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma——

Lady Frank. Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because—but you 'll be angry?

Graves. Angry!—pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because—

Lady Frank. You have lost your front teeth!

Graves. Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughing from ear to ear.*]

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! ha!

[*They retire to the table in the inner drawing-room.*

Eve. [*Aside, at* R. *table.*] Of course Clara will not appear!—avoids me as usual! But what do I care?—what is she to me? Nothing! I'll swear this is her glove!—no one else has so small a hand. She'll miss it—so—so! Nobody's looking—I'll keep it just to vex her.

Sir J. [*To Georgina.*] Yes, yes—leave me to manage: you took his portrait, as I told you.

Geor. Yes—but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

Sir J. That girl's always in the way!

Enter Captain Dudley Smooth, R.

Smooth. Good morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey, you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night!

Eve. [*Examining him curiously while Smooth is talking to Georgina,* (R.) *at table.*] And that's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

Sir J. (R.) More commonly called Deadly Smooth!—the finest player at whist, ecarté, billiards, chess, and piquet, between this and the Pyramids—the sweetest manners!—always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play cards with him!

Eve. He does not cheat, I suppose?

Sir J. No! but he always *wins!* He's an uncommonly clever fellow!

Eve. Clever? yes! When a man steals a loaf, we cry down the knavery—when a man diverts his neighbor's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness!—and every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth!

Sir J. Why, who could offend him? the best bred, civilest creature—and a dead shot! There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

Eve. A study—a study!—let me examine him! Such men are living satires on the world.

Smooth. [*Passing his arm caressingly over Sir John's shoulder.*] My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life! Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

Eve. Sir, it's an honor I've long ardently desired.

[*Crosses to him. They bow and shake hands.*

Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT, R.

Blount. How d'ye do, Sir John. Ah, Evelyn—I wished so much to see you!

Blount. A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my addwesses to Miss Vesey; but since that vewy eccentwic will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a pwior attachment—[*aside*]—which I know to be false.

Eve. [*Seeing Clara.*] A prior attachment!—(Ha! Clara!) Well, well, another time, my dear Blount.

Enter CLARA, R.

Blount. Stay a moment—I want you to do me a favor with regard to Miss Douglas!

Eve. Miss Douglas!

Blount. Clawa has 20,000*l.* And I think, Clawa always liked me a little.

Eve. You! I dare say she did!

Blount. It is whispered about that you mean to pwopose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her pwior attachment!

Eve. Indeed!

Blount. Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me!—[*Aside.*] I will punish Georgina for her pwerfidy.

Eve. 'Sdeath, man! speak for yourself! you are just the sort of man for young ladies to like—they understand you—You're of their own level. Pshaw! you're too modest—you want no mediator!

Blount. My dear fellow, you flatter me. I'm well enough in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy evewything before you!—you're so confoundedly wich!

Eve. [*Turning to Clara.*] Miss Douglas, what do you think of Str Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed—young—tolerably handsome [*Blount bowing*]—bows with an air—has plenty of small talk—everything to captivate. Yet he thinks that if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am richer? What say you? Is love an auction? and *do* women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

Clara. Their hearts? No!

Eve. But their hands—yes! [*She turns away.*] You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question!

Geor. [*Aside.*] Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I'll punish him for his perfidy. *You* are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn!—you, whose wealth is your smallest attraction—you, whom every one admires, so witty, such taste! such talent! Ah, I'm very foolish!

Sir John. [*Clapping him on the shoulder.*] You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She has wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

Geor. No, papa—No! pray, no! Nay, don't!

Sir John. Nonsense, child!—it's very odd, but she's more afraid of *you* than of any one!

Smooth. [*To Blount, taking snuff.*] He's an excellent father, our dear John, and supplies the place of a mother to her. [*Turns away to Lady Franklin and Graves.*

Evelyn and Georgina seat themselve stand look over the drawings: Sir John leans over them; Sir Frederick converses with Clara; Evelyn watching them.

Eve. Beautiful!—a view from Tivoli. (Death! she looks down while he speaks to her!) Is there not a little fault in that coloring? (She positively blushes!) This Jupiter is superb. (What a d——d coxcomb it is! [*Rising.*] Oh, she certainly loves him—I too can be loved elsewhere—I too can see smiles and blushes on the face of another!

Geor. Are you not well?

Eve. I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved! Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey?

[*Takes up the drawings; pays her marked attention in dumb show.*

Clara. Yes, Sir Frederick, the concert was very crowded! (Ah, I see that Georgina consoles him for the past! He has only praises for her, nothing but taunts for me!)

Blount. I wish you would take my opewa box next Saturday—'t is the best in the house. I'm not wich, but I spend what I have on myself! I make a point to have evewything the best in a quiet way. Best opewa box—best dogs—best horses—best house of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife!

Clara [*Abstractedly.*] That will come in good time, Sir Frederick.

Eve. Georgina refused the trifler—*she* courts him [*Taking up a portrait.*] Why, what is this?—my own——

Geor. You must not look at that—you must not indeed. I did not know it was there!

Sir John. Your own portrait, Evelyn! Why, child! I was not aware you took likenesses?—that's something new! Upon my word it's a strong resemblance.

Geor. Oh, no—it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it.—[*Aside.*] That odious Sir Frederick!

Eve. Nay, you shall not.

Clara. (So—so—he loves her then! Misery—misery? But he shall not perceive it! No—no—I can be proud too.) Ha! ha!—Sir Frederick—excellent—excellent—you are so entertaining—ha! ha! [*Laughs hysterically.*]

Eve. Oh, the affectation of coquets—they cannot even laugh naturally! [*Clara looks at him reproachfully, and walks aside with Sir Frederick.*] But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey—the one inlaid with tortoiseshell?

Sir John. [*Taking him aside confidentially.*] The guitar—oh, to tell you a secret—she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago—the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her—she'd never forgive me!

Eve. Letter!—money! What was the name of the person she relieved?—not Stanton?

Sir John. I don't remember, indeed.

Eve. [*Taking out the letter.*] This is not her hand!

Sir John. No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to *be known!* and had employed some one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address? you never gave gave it to me!

Eve. I gave it her. Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of unostentatious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. Miss Vesey, I will be honest—[*Miss Vesey advances,* L. H.] I say, then, frankly—[*as Clara approaches, raising his voice and looking fixedly at her*]—I have loved another—deeply—truly—bitterly—*vainly!* I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair

first love of the human heart—rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem—if gratitude—if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image; if these can tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence. [*Clara stands motionless, clasping her hands, and then slowly seats herself.*]

Sir John. The happiest day of my life!

[*Clara falls back in her chair.*

Eve. [*Darting forward.—Aside.*] She is pale; she faints! What have I done? Clara!

Clara. [*Rising with a smile.*] Be happy, my cousin—be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I say it—be happy, Alfred Evelyn!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The drawing-rooms of Sir John Vesey's house.*

Enter SIR JOHN *and* GEORGINA.

Sir John. And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day?

Geor. No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

Sir John. But Evelyn is fifty times as rich!

Geor. Sir Frederick *dresses* so well!

Sir John. You'll have magnificent diamonds!

Geor. My own kind papa, you always put things so pleasantly. But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter to his old nurse?

Sir John. No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy.

You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince.

Geor. But if he can afford it—

Sir John. Oh! so long as he stopped *there* I had no apprehension. But they say he has taken to gambling! and he is always with Captain Smooth. No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth! We must press the marriage at once.

Geor. Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is *really* attached to Clara?

Sir John. Upon my word I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

Geor. The jewels!—yes—the drive will do me good. So you'll send away Clara?—she's so very deceitful.

Sir John. Never fear—yes—tell her to come to me.

[*Exit Georgina*, R.

Yes; I must press on this marriage; Georgina has not wit enough to manage him—at least till he's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. But I can't think of his taking to gambling, for I love him as a son—and I look to his money as my own.

Enter CLARA, R.

Sir John. Clara, my love!

Clara. Sir—

Sir John. My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness.—To the point, then: my poor child, I'm aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn——

Clara. Sir! *my attachment?*

Sir John. It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you—I do, indeed!

Clara. I—I—[*Weeps.*]

Sir John. My dear Clara, don't take on; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment——

Clara. Every one?—Oh, torture!

Sir John. That it prays on her spirits—it even irritates her temper! In a word, I fear these little jealousies and

suspicions will tend to embitter their future union—I'm a father—forgive me.

Clara. Embitter their union! Oh, never! What would you have me do, Sir?

Sir John. Why, you're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. You are your own mistress. Mrs. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

Clara. It is the very favour I would have asked of you. [*Aside.*] I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. When does she go?

Sir John. In five days—next Monday.—You forgive me?

Clara. Sir, thank you.

Sir John. [*Drawing the table* R.] Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself, and settle it at once?

Enter SERVANT, R. C.

Serv. The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

Sir John. James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I am gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall: if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a-week)—say I've hurried off to Garraways to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. [*Exit Servant,* R. C.] One must have a little management in this world. All humbug!—all humbug, upon my soul! *Exit,* C. D.

Clara. [*Folding the letter.*] There—it is decided! A few days, and we are parted for ever!—a few weeks, and another will bear his name—his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him—though the whole world should hear her—"I am thine!" And I embitter their lot—I am the cloud upon their joyous sunshine! And yet, O Alfred! if she loves thee—if she knows thee—if she values thee—and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive thee, as I do,—I can bless her when far away, and join her name in my prayers for thee!

Enter EVELYN, R. C.

Eve. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Miss Vesey out? Well.

I will write a line. Chara! [*Aside.*] Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglass.

Clara. Nay, I have done. [*Going,* R.

Eve. I see that my presence is always odious to you. It is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, Madam: I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and I shall then go into the country—till—till——In short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter.

Clara. [*Aside.*] The last time!—and we shall then meet no more! And to part thus for ever—in scorn—in anger—I cannot bear it!—[*Approaching him.*] Alfred, my cousin, it is true this may be the last time we shall meet—I have made my arrangements to quit England.

Eve. To quit England?

Clara. But, before I go, let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

Eve. [*Mechanically.*] To quit England!

Clara. Evelyn, now that you are betrothed to another—now, without recurring to the past—something of our old friendship may at least return to us.——And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend—a sister—might presume to say to you.

Eve. [*Moved.*] Miss Douglass—Clara—if there is aught that I could do—if, while hundreds—strangers—beggars—tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice or poverty despair—if—if my life—my heart's blood—could render to *you* one such service as my gold can give to others—why, speak!—and the past you allude to,—yes, even that bitter past,—I will cancel and forget!

Clara. [*Holding out her hand.*] We are friends, then!—you are again my cousin!—my brother!

Eve. [*Dropping her hand.*] Ah! say on!

Clara. I speak, then, as a sister. Oh, Evelyn! when you inherited this vast wealth I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence—your intellect—your genius!—and I often thought that, in after years, when far away, I should hear your name identified with deeds and ends to which, for the *great,* fortune is but the instrument;

I often thought that I should say to my own heart—weeping proud and delicious tears—"And once this man loved me!"

Eve. No more, Clara! (oh, heavens,)—no more!

Clara. But *has* it been so?—have you been true to your own self? Pomp, parade, luxuries, follies!—all these might distinguish others, they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn! Oh, pardon me—I am too bold—I pain—I offend you.——Ah, I should not have dared thus much, had I not thought, at times, that—that——

Eve. That these follies—these vanities—this dalliance with a loftier fate, were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! But you—did not you reject me because I was poor? Despise me if you please!—my revenge might be unworthy—I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendor I thought you prized—to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value—the station that, had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain—vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed.

Clara. A happy fate, Evelyn!—you love!

Eve. And at last I am beloved.—[*After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.*] Do you doubt it?

Clara. No, I believe it firmly!—[*Aside.*] Were it possible for her not to love him?

Eve. Georgina, perhaps, is vain, and light—and—

Clara. No—think it not! And now, there is nothing unkind between us—not even regret—and surely [*with a smile,*] not revenge, my cousin—you will rise to your nobler self—and so, farewell!

Eve. No; stay—one moment; you still feel an interest in my fate! Have I been deceived? Oh, why, why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet?

Clara. We part as friends.

Eve. Friends—and is that all? Look you, this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—a little while—a year, a month, a day—and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the

world! And the one who forgets the soonest—the one who robs your earth forever of its summer, comes to you with a careless lip and says, "Let us part friends!" Go, go, Clara, go—and be happy if you can!

Clara. [*Weeping.*] Cruel, cruel, to the last! Heaven forgive you, Alfred! [*Exit*, R.

Eve. Soft!—let me recall her words, her tones, her looks. *Does she love me?* Have I been the rash slave of a jealous anger? But I have made my choice—I must abide the issue!

Enter GRAVES *preceded by* SERVANT, R. C.

Servant. Lady Franklin is dressing, sir,

Graves. Well, I'll wait. [*Exit Servant*, R.] She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me—*that* is impossible—but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene.—[*Seeing Evelyn.*] Is that you, Evelyn? I have just heard that the borough of Groginhole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself?—with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

Eve. I who despise these contests for the color of a straw—I to be one of the wranglers? never! [*Aside.*] And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished. [*Aloud.*] To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

Graves. He does, indeed!—[*Counting on his fingers.*] East winds, fogs, rheumatism, pulmonary complaints, and taxes. [*Evelyn walks about in disorder.*] You seem agitated—a quarrel with your intended? Oh! when you've been married a month, you won't know what to do with one!

Evelyn. You are a pleasant comforter. (*Crosses*, L.)

Graves. Do you deserve a comforter? One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing—(poor Maria often said she detested *me*,) and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina!

Eve. Clara will easily console herself—thanks to Sir Frederick! [*Crosses*, R.]

Graves. Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse him. I have it from Lady Franklin.

Eve. My dear friend, is it possible?

Graves. But what then? You *must* marry Georgina, who, to believe Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to—your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

Eve. By them—bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. *Duped*—if I thought it!—

Graves. To be sure! you tried Clara in your *poverty:* it was a safe experiment to try Georgina in your *wealth.*

Eve. Ha! that is true—very true. Go on.

Graves. You'll have an excellent father-in-law. Sir John positively weeps when he talks of your income!

Eve. Sir John, possibly—but Georgina?

Graves. Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practising first with Sir Frederick in the morning.

Eve. On your life, Sir, be serious: what do you mean?

Graves. That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

Eve. Ha! say you so?

Graves. What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous—your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

Eve. Ha! ha! Do they say that?—a few hundreds lost or won—a cheap opiate—anything that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks, and the rich man gambles—the same motive to both! But you are right; it is a base recourse—I will play no more.

Graves. I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. Even Sir John is alarmed. By-the-bye, I forgot—do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit, & Co.?

Eve. So, Sir John is alarmed? [*Aside.*] Gulled by this coggin charlatan? I may beat him yet at his own weapons! Humph! Bank with Flash! Why do you ask me?

Graves. Because Sir John has just heard that they are in a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

Eve. I'll see to it. So Sir John is *alarmed* at my gambling?

Graves. Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club this evening to watch you.

Eve. To watch me! Good—I will be there.

Graves. But you will promise not to play.

Eve. Yes—to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up.

Graves. No—no! 'Sdeath, man! be as wretched as you please: break your heart, that's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets!

Eve. I will be there—I will play with Captain Smooth—I will lose as much as I please—thousands—millions—billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me if I don't lose Sir John himself into the bargain! [*Going out and returning.*] I am so absent! What was the bank you mentioned? Flash, Brisk, and Credit. Bless me, how unlucky! and it's too late to draw out to-day! Tell Sir John I'm very much obliged to him, and he'll find me at the club any time before daybreak hard at work with my friend Smooth. [*Exit*, R.

Graves. He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it. What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Serv. Lady Franklin's compliments—she will see you in the *boudoir*, Sir.

Graves. In the *boudoir!*—go, go—I'll come directly.—[*Exit Servant.*

My heart beats—it must be for grief. Poor Maria!—[*Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.*] Not a white one—just like my luck: I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow, and blue abomination from India. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Boudoir in the same house. Two chairs on.*

Lady Frank. (R.) I take so much compassion on this poor man, who is determined to make himself wretched, that I am equally determined to make him happy! Well, if my scheme does but succeed, he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall—Mum!—here he comes!

Enter Graves, R.

Graves. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Lady Franklin!

Lady Frank. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Mr. Graves! [*They seat themselves.*] Pray, excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

Graves. An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you!—it's a happy disposition! Poor Maria!—*she,* too, was naturally gay.

Lady Frank. [*Aside.*] Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

Graves. Spirit? Yes!—nothing could master it. She *would* have her own way! Ah! there was nobody like her!

Lady Frank. And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

Graves. Did not they? Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing.

Lady Frank. How well she acted in your private theatricals!

Graves. You remember her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife?" Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with [*mimicking*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

Graves. No—no! that's not it! more energy. [*Mimicking.*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the DEATH of me." Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practise it on me twice a-day. Ah! poor dear lamb! [*Wipes his eyes.*]

Lady Frank. And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little French air she was so fond of?

Graves. Ha! ha! sprightly! was it not? Let me see—let me see.

Lady Frank. [*Humming.*] Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it.

Graves. [*Humming.*] Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum tum tum.

Both. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum. Ha! ha!

Graves. [*Throwing himself back.*] Ah, what recollections it revives! It is too affecting.

Lady Frank. It *is* affecting, but we are all mortal.—[*Sighs.*] And at your Christmas party, at Cyprus Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten?

Graves. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

Lady Frank. Can you think of the step?—somehow thus, was it not? [*Dancing.*]

Graves. No—no—quite wrong!—just stand there. Now then, [*humming the tune*] La—la-la-la—La-la, &c. [*They dance.*] That's it—excellent—admirable!

Lady Frank. [*Aside.*] Now it 's coming.

Enter SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, *and* GEORGINA, R. *They stand amazed. Lady Franklin continues to dance.*

Graves. Bewitching—irresistible! It's Maria herself that I see before me! Thus, thus—let me clasp——Oh, the devil! Just like my luck! [*Stopping opposite Sir John.*] [*Lady Franklin runs off,* L.

Sir John. Upon *my* word, Mr. Graves!

Georgina, Blount. Encore—encore! Bravo—bravo!

Graves. It's all a mistake! I—I—Sir John. Lady Franklin, you see—that is to say—I. Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction!

Georgina, Blount. Pray go on!—Don't let us interwupt you. [*Exeunt laughing,* R.

SCENE III.—*The interior of* * * * *'s *Club; night; lights, &c. Small sofa tables, with books, papers, tea, coffee, &c. Several members grouped by the fireplace: one member with his legs over the back of his chair; another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the stage, an old member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card table, before which* CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH *is seated and sipping lemonade: at the bottom of the stage another card table.*

GLOSSMORE *and* STOUT, C.

Gloss. You don't come often to the club, Stout?

Stout. No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

Old Member. [*Reading the newspaper.*] Waiter!—the snuff-box. [*Waiter brings it.*

Gloss. So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey." Deep work to-night, I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog!

Enter Evelyn; *salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the stage,* c.

Eve. How d'ye do, Glossmore? How are you, Stout? *You* don't play, I think! Political economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than rents and profits, wages and labor, high prices and low—corn laws, poor laws, tithes, currency—dot-and-go-one—rates, puzzles, taxes, riddles, and botheration! Smooth is the man. Aha! Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge!

[*Members touch each other significantly. Stout walks away with the snuff-box; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

Smooth. My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[*They seat themselves.*

Old Member. Waiter!—the snuff-box. [*Waiter takes it from Stout and brings it back to Old Member.*]

Enter Blount, c.

Blount. So, so! Evelyn at it again—eh, Glossmore?

Gloss. Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth!

Blount. Will you make up a wubber?

Gloss. Have you got two others?

Blount. Yes; Flat and Green.

Gloss. Bad players.

Blount. I make it a wule to play with bad players; it is five per cent. in one's favor. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do one any harm.

Gloss. Clever fellow, that Blount!

[*Blount takes up the snuff-box and walks off with it; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

[*Blount, Glossmore, Flat, and Green, make up a table at the bottom of the stage.*]

Smooth. A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred,—ninety repique—ten cards!—game!

Eve. [*Passing a note to him.*] Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

Smooth. Ce cher Alfred! He is so droll!

Eve. [*Writing in his pocket book.*] Forty-games a-night,—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think!

Smooth. [*Glancing over the account.*] Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

Eve. It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition—Can you keep a secret?

Smooth. My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spent less than 4,000*l.* a-year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

Eve. Hark ye, then—a word with you. [*They whisper.*]

Old Member. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from Blount, &c.*

Enter Sir John, c.

Eve. You understand!

Smooth. Perfectly; anything to oblige.

Eve. [*Cutting.*] It is for you to deal.

[*They go on playing.*

Sir John. [*Groaning.*] There's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending *my* consequence, and making a fool of himself. [*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

Blount. I'm out. Flat, a poney on the odd twick. That's wight. [*Coming up, counting his money.*] Well, Sir John, you don't play?

Sir John. Play, no! [*Evelyn passes money to Smooth.*] Confound him—lost again!

Eve. Hang the cards!—double the stakes!

Smooth. Just as you please—done! Anything to oblige.

Sir John. Done, indeed!

Old Member. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from Sir John.*

Blount. I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set!

[*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.*

Sir John. [*Looking over Smooth's hand, and fidgeting backwards and forwards.*] Lord have mercy on us! Smooth has seven for his point. What's the stakes?

Eve. Don't disturb us—stakes, Sir John?—immense! Was ever such luck?—Do stand back, Sir John—I'm getting irritable!

Old Member. Waiter!—the snuff-box! [*Waiter brings it back.*]

Blount. One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn?

Sir John. Nonsense—nonsense—don't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law!

Eve. One hundred pounds, Blount? Ah! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes, Smooth!

Sir John. I'm on the rack! [*Seizing the snuff-box.*] Be cool, Evelyn! Take care, my dear boy!—now don't ye—now don't!

Eve. What—what? You have four queens! five to the king. Confound the cards!—a fresh pack. [*Throws the cards behind him over Sir John. Waiter brings a new pack of cards to Evelyn.*]

Old Member. Waiter, the snuff-box. [*Different members gather round.*]

First Member. [*With back to audience.*] I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

Second Member. Yes, this is interesting!

Sir John. Interesting! there's a wretch!

First Member. Poor fellow! he'll be ruined in a month!

Sir John. I'm in a cold sweat.

Second Member. Smooth is the very devil.

Sir John. The devil's a joke to him!

Gloss. [*Slapping Sir John on the back.*] A clever fellow, that Smooth, Sir John, eh? [*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.*] 100*l.* on this game, Evelyn?

Eve. [*Half turning round.*] You! well done the Constitution! yes, 100*l.*!

Old Member. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

Stout. I think I'LL venture!—200*l.* on this game, Evelyn?

Eve. [*Quite turning round.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! O, Stout, Stout!—greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—200*l.*!—ha! ha! ha!—I deal, Stout. Well done, Political Economy—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Quite hysterical—drivelling! Arn't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins!—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them. [*Members indignant.*]

Stout. [*To members.*] Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter.

First Member. What, Stingy Jack's? oh!

Chorus of Members. Oh! oh!

Evelyn. [*Rising in great agitation.*] No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—. Death! this is ruinous!

[*Seizes the snuff box; Old Member as before.*

Sir John. Ruinous? I dare say it is! What has he lost? What *has* he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh?

[*Omnes gather round Smooth.*

Smooth. Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse me! We never tell our winnings. [*To Blount.*] How d'ye do, Fred? [*To Glossmore.*] By-the-bye, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor Square?—12,000*l.*, eh?

Glossmore. Yes, and the furniture at a valuation. About 3,000*l.* more.

Smooth. [*Looking over his pocket book.*] Um!—Well, we'll talk of it.

Sir John. 12 and 3—15,000*l.* What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—15,000*l.*, Smooth?

Smooth. Oh, the house itself is a trifle, but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

Old Member. Waiter, the snuff-box! [*Scraping it round, and with a wry face*]—And it's all gone!—[*Gives it to the waiter to fill.*]

Sir John. [*Turning round.*] And it's all gone!

Eve. [*Starting up and laughing hysterically.*] Ha! ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John, you are always in the way. Come to

my house! come! Champaigne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it.

Sir John. A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn! EVELYN!!—think what you are about!—think of Georgina's feelings!—think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn!—think of—

Eve. I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you don't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention! Pshaw—pshaw! Out of the way, do! Come, Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it!

[*Exeunt Smooth and Evelyn.*

Sir John. [*Following.*] You must not, you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn!—he's drunk—he's mad! Will no one send for the police?

Members. Ha! ha! ha!—Poor old Stingy Jack!

Old Member. [*Rising for the first time, and in a great rage.*] Waiter, the snuff-box!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Anteroom in* EVELYN'S *house, as in Scene I. Act II. Tabouret, Frantz, and other tradesmen.*

Tab. [*Half whispers.*] So, I hear that Mr. Evelyn is turned gamester! There are strange reports about to-day—I don't know what to make of it! We must look sharp, and make hay while the sun shines.

[*Omnes shake their heads approvingly.*

Enter Smooth, R. C. *from the inner room, with a pocketbook and pencil in his hand.*

Smooth. [*Looking round.*] Hum! ha! Fine pictures! [*Feeling the curtains.*] The new-fashioned velvet, hem!—good-proportioned rooms! Yes, this house is better than Glossmore's! Oh, Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer! you furnished these rooms! All of the best, eh!

Tab. Oh! the VERY best! Mr. Evelyn is not a man to grudge expense, Sir!

Smooth. He is not indeed. You've been paid, I suppose, Tabouret?

Tab. No, Sir, no—I never send in my bills when a customer is rich. [*Aside.*] Bills are like trees, and grow by standing.

Smooth. Humph! Not PAID? humph!

[*Omnes gather round.*

Tab. [*To the tradesmen.*] It's the great card-player, Captain Smooth—finest player in Europe—cleaned out the Duke of Silly Val. Uncommonly clever man!

Smooth. [*Pacing about the room.*] Thirty-six feet by twenty-eight—Um! I think a bow-window *there* would be an *improvement;* could it be done easily, Tabouret?

Tab. Have you bought the house, sir?

Smooth. Bought it!—hum!—ha!—it depends—So you have not been paid yet?—um! Nor you—nor you—nor you? Hum? ah!

Tab. No, sir!—what *then?* No fear of Mr. EVELYN! Ha! ha!

Omnes. [*Anxiously.*] Ha! ha!—what then?

Frantz. Ah, sare, what den? I'm a poor man with a family: dis way, Captain! You've a little account in the books; and we'll e'en wipe it out altogether, if you'll say what you mean by that Umph! ha!

Smooth. Frantz, my dear fellow, don't oblige me to cane you; I would not have Mr. Evelyn distressed for the world. Poor fellow! he holds very bad cards. So you've not been paid yet? Don't send in your bills on any account—Mind! Yes; I don't dislike the house with some alteration. Good day to you—Hum! ha!

[*Exit, looking about him, examining the chairs, tables, &c.*

Tab. Plain as a pikestaff!—staked his very house on an odd trick!

Enter SHARP, C., *agitated and in a hurry.*

Sharp. O Lord! O Lord!—who'd have thought it? Cards are the devil's book! John!—Thomas!—Harris!

[*Ringing the bell that was on the table.*

Enter TWO SERVANTS, C.

Tom, take this letter to Sir John Vesey's. If not at home, find him—he will give you a cheque. Go to his banker's,

and get it cashed *instantly*. Quick—quick—off with you!

Tab. [*Seizing Servant.*] What's the matter?—what's the matter? How's Mr. Evelyn?

Serv. Bad—very bad! Sat up all night with Captain Smooth! [*Runs off*, R.

Sharp. [*To the other Servant.*] Yes, Harris, your poor master! O dear! O dear! You will take this note to the Belgian minister, Portland-place. Passport for Ostend! Have the travelling carriage ready at a moment's notice!

Tab. [*Stopping Servant.*] Passport! Hark ye, my man; is he going to put the salt seas between us and our money?

Serv. Don't stop me—something wrong in the chest—change of air—late hours—and Captain Smooth! [*Exit*, R.

Sharp. [*Walking about.*] And if the bank should break!—if the bank *is* broke, and he can't draw out!—bound to Smooth!

Tab. Bank!—what bank?

Sharp. Flash's bank! Flash, brother-in-law to Captain Smooth! What have *you* heard?—eh?—eh?

Tab. That there's an awful run on it!

Sharp. I must be off. Go—go—you can't see Mr. Evelyn to-day!

Tab. My account, Sir!

Frantz. O Sare, de great gentlemen always tink first of the tailor!

Sharp. Call again—call again at Christmas. The bank, the cards—the cards, the bank! O dear! O dear! [*Exit*, C.

Tab. The bank!

Frantz. And all dat vill be seen of de great Evelyn coat is de back of it. *Donner and hagel!*—I vil arrest him—I vil put de salt on de tail of it!

Tab. [*Aside.*] I'll slip down to the city and see how the bank goes! Ay, ay, stick by each other—share and share alike—that's my way, Sir.

Omnes. Share and share alike. [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter Servant, Glossmore, *and* Blount, C.

Serv. My master is not very well, my lord; but I'll let him know. [*Exit*, C.

Gloss. I'm very curious to learn the result of his gambling *tete-a-tete* with Deadly Smooth!

Blount. Oh, he's so howwidly wich, he can afford even a *tete-a-tete* with Deadly Smooth!

Gloss. Poor old Stingy Jack: why, Georgina was *your* intended.

Blount. Yes; and I really liked the girl, though out of pique I pwoposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money.

Enter EVELYN, C.

If we could start fair, you'd see whom Georgina would pwefer: but she's sacwificed by her father! She as much as told me so! [*Crosses,* R.

Eve. So, so, gentlemen, we've a little account to settle —one hundred each.

Both. Don't talk of it.

Eve. Well, I won't!—[*Taking Blount aside.*] Ha! ha! you'd hardly believe it—but I'd rather not pay you just at present; my money is locked up, and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So! instead of owing you one hundred pounds, suppose I owe you *five?* You can give me a cheque for the other four. And, hark ye! not a word to Glossmore.

Blount. Glossmore! the greatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted!—[*Aside.*] It never does harm to lend to a wich man; one gets it back somehow. By the way, Evelyn, if you want my gwey cab-horse, you may have him for two hundred pounds, and that will make seven!

Eve. [*Aside.*] That's the fashionable usury: your friend does not take interest—he sells you a horse. [*Aloud.*] Blount, it's a bargain.

BLOUNT [*writing the cheque, and musingly.*] No: I don't see what harm it can do to me; that off leg must end in a spavin.

Eve. [*to Glossmore.*] That hundred pounds I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property—perhaps you would lend me five or six hundred more—just to go on with?

Gloss. Certainly! Hopkins is dead: your interest for Cipher would—

Eve. Why, I can't promise *that* at this moment. But

as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you'll accept a splendid grey cab-horse I bought to-day—cost two hundred pounds!

Gloss. Bought *to-day!*—then I'm safe. My dear fellow! you're always so princely!

Eve. Nonsense! just write the cheque; and, hark ye!—not a syllable to Blount!

Gloss. Blount? He's the town-crier! [*Goes to write.*

Blount. [*giving Evelyn the cheque.*] Wansom's, Pall-mall East.

Eve. Thank you. So, you *proposed* to Miss Douglas!

Blount. Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, that very day you pwoposed for Miss Vesey—

Gloss. [*giving the cheque.*] Ransom's, Pall-mall East. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

Eve. Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the banker's [*looking at the two cheques.*]

Gloss. [*Aside.*] Why! he's borrowed from Blount, too!

Blount. [*Aside.*] That's a cheque from Lord Glossmore!

Eve. Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day—seven o'clock. You'll see Smooth. [*With tears in his eyes.*] It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here!—What am I saying?—Oh, merely a joke!—good by—good by. [*Shaking them heartily by the hand.* [*Exit,* c.

Blount. Glossmore!

Gloss. Blount!

Blount. I am afraid all's not wight!

Gloss. I incline to your opinion!

Blount. But I've sold my gwey cab-horse.

Gloss. Grey cab-horse! you! What is he really worth now?

Blount. Since he is sold, I will tell you—Not a sixpence!

Gloss. Not a sixpence! he gave it to me!

Blount. That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

Gloss. Nervous? Let us run and stop payment of our cheques.

Blount. Hollo, John! where so fast?

Enter SERVANT, C. *in great haste.*

Serv. Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall East—Messrs. Ransom. [*Exit*, R.

Blount. [*solemnly.*] Glossmore, we are floored!

Gloss. Sir, the whole town shall know of it!

Blount. Vewy scurvy tweatment. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Splendid Saloon in Evelyn's house.*

Enter EVELYN *and* GRAVES.

Graves. You've withdrawn your money from Flash and Brisk?

Eve. No.

Graves. No!—then—

Enter SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA, *and* STOUT, R.

Sir John. You got the cheque for 500*l.* safely?—too happy to—

Eve. [*Interrupting him.*] My best thanks? my warmest gratitude! So kind in you! so seasonable!—that 500*l.*—you don't know the value of that 500*l.* I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

Sir John. Gratitude! Nobleness!—[*Aside.*] I can't have been taken in?

Eve. And in a moment of such distress!

Sir John. [*Aside.*] Such distress! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary!

Eve. I've done with Smooth. But I'm still a little crippled, and you must do me *another* favor.

Sir John. What's coming now, I wonder?

Eve. Georgina's fortune is 10,000*l.* I always meant, my dear John, to present you with that little sum.

Sir John. Oh, Evelyn! your generosity is positively touching! [*Wipes his eyes.*]

Eve. But I have so many heavy debts at this moment—that—that—. But I see Georgina is listening, and I'll say what I have to say to her. [*Crosses to her.*]

Sir John. No, no—no, no. Girls don't understand business!

Eve. The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair, not of business but of *feeling*. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.

Sir John. [*Aside.*] Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me! [*Stout takes him in.*]

Eve. My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honor.

Geor. Can you doubt it?

Eve. I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment; I have been weak enough to lose money at play, and there are other demands on me. I promise you never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved, but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench.

Geor. Retrench!

Eve. To live perhaps altogether in the country.

Geor. Altogether in the country!

Eve. To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

Geor. Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming.

Enter Sir F. Blount, R.

Eve. And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up—my debts of honor must be settled—you are of age—your 10,000*l.* in your own hands—

Sir John. [*Stout listening as well as Sir John.*] I'm standing on hot iron!

Eve. If you could lend it to me for a few weeks—Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence, what is wedlock.

Sir John. [*Aside to her.*] No! [*Aloud, pointing his glass at the Correggio.*] Yes, the picture may be fine.

Stout. But you don't like the subject?

Geor. [*Aside.*] He may be only trying me! Best leave it to papa.

Eve. Well——

Geor. You—you shall hear from me to-morrow—[*Aside.*] Ah, there's that dear Sir Frederick! [*Goes to Blount.*]

Enter Glossmore *and* Smooth, R.; *Evelyn salutes them, paying Smooth servile respect.*

Lady Frank. [*To Graves.*] Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday—was it not droll?

Graves. Never recur to that humiliating topic.

Gloss. [*To Stout.*] See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth!

Stout. How mean in him! *Smooth*—a professional gambler—a fellow who lives by his wits! I would not know such a man on any account?

Smooth. [*To Gloss.*] So Hopkins is dead—you want Cipher to come in for Groginhole, eh?

Gloss. What!—could *you* manage it?

Smooth. Ce cher Charles—anything to oblige!

Stout. Groginhole! What can he have to do with Groginhole? Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

Gloss. What! the gambler—the fellow who lives by his wits?

Stout. Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital! I'll introduce myself. How d'ye do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think—I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation! Bad! very bad!—no enlightenment!—great fall off in the revenue!—no knowledge of finance! There's only one man why can save the country—and that's POPKINS!

Smooth. Is he in parliament, Mr. Stout? What's your Christian name, by-the-bye?

Stout. Benjamin—no; constituencies are so ignorant, they don't understand his value. He's no orator: in fact, he stammers so much—but devilish profound. Could not we ensure him for Groginhole.

Smooth. My dear Benjamin, it's a thing to be thought on.

Eve. [*Advancing.*] My friends, I wish to consult you. This day twelvemonth, I succeeded to an immense income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion?

Gloss. Impossible! excellent taste—beautiful house!

Blount. Vewy good horses—[*aside to Glossmore,*] especially the gwey cab!

Lady Frank. Splendid pictures.

Graves. And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

Smooth. [*Thrusting his hands in his pockets.*] It's my opinion, Alfred—and I'm a judge—that you could not have spent your money better!

Omnes [*except Sir John*]. Very true!

Eve. What say *you*, Sir John?

Sir John. Certainly—certainly! No, you could not have done better.—[*Aside.*] I don't know what to make of it.

Geor. Certainly.—[*Coaxingly.*] Don't retrench, my dear Alfred!

Gloss. Retrench! nothing so plebeian!

Stout. Plebeian, sir! worse than plebeian! it is against all the rules of public morality. Every one knows now-a-days, that extravagance is a benefit to the population—encourages art—employs labor, and multiplies spinning-jennies.

Eve. You reassure me!—I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere, might have done something better than feast—dress—drink—play—

Gloss. Nonsense! we like you the better for it.—[*Aside.*] I wish I had my 600*l.* back, though.

Eve. And you are as much my friends now as when you offered me 10*l.* for my old nurse.

Sir John. A thousand times more so, my dear boy!

[*Omnes approve.*

Enter SHARP, R.

Smooth. But who's our new friend?

Eve. Who! the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what's the matter, Sharp? [*Sharp whispering Evelyn.*

Eve. [*Aloud.*] The bank's *broke!*

Sir John. Broke!—what bank?

Eve. Flash, Brisk, and Co.

Gloss. [*To Smooth.*] And Flash was your brother-in-law. I'm very sorry.

Smooth. [*Taking snuff.*] Not at all, Charles—I did not bank there.

Sir John. But I warned you—you withdrew?

Eve. Alas! no!

Sir John. Oh!—not much in their hands?

Eve. Why, I told you the purchase money for Groginhole was at my bankers'. But no, no; don't look so frightened! It was not placed with Flash—it is at Hoare's—it is, indeed. Nay, I assure you it is! A mere trifle at Flash's—upon my word, now! To-morrow, Sharp, we'll

talk of this! One day more—one day at least for enjoyment!

Sir John. Oh! a pretty enjoyment!

Blount. And he borrowed 700*l.* of me!

Gloss. And 600*l.* of me!

Sir John. And 500*l.* of me!

Stout. Oh! a regular Jeremy Diddler! I say, you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. Transfer the stock in hand to t'other speculation.

Sir John. [*Going to Georgina.*] Ha! I'm afraid we've been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

Enter TOKE, R.

Toke [*To Evelyn*]. Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. Macfinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

Eve. [*Reading.*] How! Sir John, this fellow, Macfinch, has heard of my misfortunes, and insists on being paid;—a lawyer's letter—quite insolent!

Toke. And, Sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he won't stir till he's paid. [*Exit*, R.

Eve. Won't stir till he's paid! What's to be done, Sir John?—Smooth, what *is* to be done?

Smooth. If he won't stir till he's paid, make him up a bed, and I'll take him in the inventory as one of the fixtures, Alfred!

Eve. It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But—

Enter Servant and Officer, giving a paper to EVELYN, *and whispering.*

Eve. What's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, you impudent scoundrel! Faith! this is more than I bargained for—Sir John, I'm arrested. [*Enter Servant*, R.

Stout. [*Slapping Sir John on the back with glee.*] He's arrested, old gentleman! But I did'nt lend him a farthing!

Eve. And for a mere song—150*l.* Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or bail me, or something—while we go to dinner.

Sir John. Pay—bail—I'll be d——d if I do!—Oh, my 500*l.*! my 500*l.*! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my 500*l.*!

Graves. I'm going to do a very silly thing—I shall lose both my friend and my money;—just like my luck!—Evelyn, go to dinner—I'll settle this for you.

Lady Frank. I love you for that!

Graves. Do you? then I am the happiest—Ah! ma'am, I don't know what I am saying!

[*Exeunt* Graves *and* Officer, R.

Eve. [*To Georgina.*] Don't go by these appearances! I repeat, 10,000*l.* will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

Geor. Yes—yes! [*Going up,* R.

Eve. But you're not going?—You, too, Glossmore?—you, Blount?—you, Stout?—you, Smooth?

Smooth. No; I'll stick by you—as long as you've a guinea to stake!

Stout. Don't stop me, Sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues!—baugh!

Eve. Why, you all said I could not spend my money better! Ha! ha! ha!—the absurdest mistake!—you don't fancy I'm going to prison?—Ha! ha!—Why don't you laugh, Sir John?—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Sir, this is horrible levity!—Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor injured, innocent child!—Mr. Evelyn, after this extraordinary scene, you can't be surprised that I—I—Zounds! I'm suffocating!

Smooth. But, my dear John, they've no right to arrest the dinner!

Enter Toke, C.

Toke. Dinner is served.

Gloss. [*Pausing.*] Dinner!

Stout. Dinner!—it's a very good smell!

Eve. [*To Sir John.*] Turtle and venison too!

[*They stop irresolute.*

Eve. That's right—come along. But, I say, Blount—Stout—Glossmore—Sir John—one word first: will you lend me 10*l.* for my old nurse?

[*Exeunt omnes, indignantly,* R.

Smooth and Evelyn. Ha! ha! ha!

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.— * * * * * *'s *Club.*

Smooth *and* Glossmore, *discovered.*

Gloss. Will his horses be sold, think you?

Smooth. Very possibly, Charles!—a fine stud—hum! ha! Waiter, a glass of sherry!

Enter Waiter, c. *with sherry.*

Gloss. They say he must go abroad!

Smooth. Well! it's the best time of year for travelling, Charles.

Gloss. We are all to be paid to-day; and that looks suspicious!

Smooth. Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!

Gloss. My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the matter: I wish you'd speak out. What have you really won? Is the house itself gone?

Smooth. The house itself is certainly not gone, Charles, for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half past ten—it has not moved an inch!

[*Waiter gives a letter to Glossmore.*

Gloss. [*Reading.*] From Groginhole—an express!—What's this? I'm amazed!!! [*Reading.*] "They've actually at the eleventh hour started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what his politics are! We shall be *beat!*—the constitution is gone!—Cipher!" Oh! this is infamous in Evelyn! Gets into Parliament just to keep himself out of the Bench.

Smooth. He's capable of it!

Gloss. Not a doubt of it, Sir!—not a doubt of it!

Enter Sir John *and* Blount, c. *talking.*

Sir John. My dear boy, I'm not flint! I am but a man! If Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she *does*—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition—she is yours; I told her so this very morning.

Blount. [*Aside.*] The old humbug!

Sir John. She's the best of daughters!—the most obedient, artless creature! Dine with me at seven, and we'll talk of the settlements.

Enter Stout, c. *wiping his forehead, and taking* Sir John *aside.*

Stout. Sir John, we've been played upon! My secretary is brother to Flash's head clerk; Evelyn had not 300*l.* in the bank!

Sir John. Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then—Deadly Smooth—the arrest—the—oh, he must be done up!

Stout. As to Smooth, he'd "do anything to oblige." All a trick, depend on it! Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day's over Evelyn will be member for Groginhole!

Sir John. But what could be Evelyn's *object?*

Stout. Object? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that? A man who has not even any political opinions! Object! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family!

Sir John. Aha! I begin to smell a rat! But it's not too late yet.

Stout. My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Groginhole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money; and *he* told me that—

Sir John. What?

Stout. Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there's no hope for Popkins! England will rue this day! [*Goes up stage.*

Sir John. Georgina shall lend him the money! *I'll* lend him—every man in the house shall lend him—I feel again what it is to be a father-in-law! Sir Frederick, excuse me—you can't dine with me to-day. And, on second thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn now he's down in the world. Can't think of it, my dear boy—can't think of it. Very much honoured, and happy to see you as a friend. Waiter! my carriage! Um! What, humbug *Stingy Jack*, will they? Ah! a good joke, indeed! [*Exit*, c.

Blount. Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John? Something against my character; I know you have; don't deny it. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction!

Stout. Satisfaction, Sir Frederick? as if a man of en-

lightenment had any satisfaction in fighting! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think!—he's no more ruined than you are.

Blount. Not wuined? Aha, now I understand!—So, so! Stay, let me see—she's to meet me in the square!—[*Pulls out his watch; a very small one.*]

Stout. [*Pulling out his own; a very large one.*] I must be off to the vestry.

Blount. Just in time!—ten thousand pounds! Gad, my blood's up, and I won't be tweated in *this* way, if he were fifty times Stingy Jack! [*Exit*, C.

Scene II.—*The drawing-rooms in* Sir John Vesey's *house.*

Enter Lady Franklin *and* Graves, R.

Graves. Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still: but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

Lady Frank. She has been breaking her heart ever since she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

Graves. [*Half aside.*] She would only give him his own money, if she did. I should like just to sound her.

Lady Frank. [*Ringing the bell.*] And you shall.

Enter Servant, R.

Where are the young ladies?

Serv. Miss Vesey is, I believe, still in the square; Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

Lady Frank. What, did not she go out with Miss Vesey?

Serv. No, my lady; I attended her to Drummond's, the bankers. [*Exit*, R.

Lady Frank. Drummond's?

Enter Clara, R.

Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

Clara. [*Confused.*] Oh, I—that is—I—Ah, Mr. Graves! How is Mr. Evelyn! How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

Graves. With an awful calm. I fear all is not right.

here! [*Touching his head.*]—The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly—perhaps to-day!

[*Crosses to* C.

Clara. Abroad!—to-day!

Graves. But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vesey remains true in his misfortunes.

Clara. Ah! he loves her so *much*, then!

Graves. Um!—That's more than I can say.

Clara. She told me, last night, that he said to the last that 10,000*l.* would free him from all his liabilities—that was the sum, was it not?

Graves. Yes; he persists in the same assertion. Will Miss Vesey lend it?

Lady Frank. [*Aside.*] If she does I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she'd be no child of Sir John's!

Graves. I should like to convince myself that my poor friend has nothing to hope from a woman's generosity.

Lady Frank. Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

Graves. I know one man, at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to the woman who had scorned him.

Lady Frank. And never told her?

Graves. Never! There's no such document at Doctors' Commons, depend on it! You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good day! [*Crosses,* R.

Clara. [*Following him.*] One word, for mercy's sake! Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind! Generous Evelyn!

Graves. *You* appreciate, and *Georgina* will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still.——If that's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it—hang them! [*Exit,* R.

Clara. Georgina will desert him. Do you think so?

Lady Frank. She told me, last night, that she would never see him again. To do her justice, she's less interested than her father,—and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

Clara. And he is alone—sad—forsaken—ruined. And I, whom he enriched—I, the creature of his bounty—I, once the woman of his love—I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! Oh, Lady Franklin, have pity on me—on him! We are both of kin to him—as relations we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him—come!

Lady Frank. No! it would scarcely be right—remember the world—I cannot.

Clara. All abandon him—then I will go alone!

Lady Frank. But if Georgina do indeed release him—if she has already done so—what will he think! What but—

Clara. What but—that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother! Where, now, should a sister be?——But—but—I—I—I tremble! If, after all—if—if——In one word—Am I too bold? The world—my conscience can answer *that*—but do you think that HE could despise me?

Lady Frank. No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue. Something tells me that this meeting may make the happiness of both! You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand—we will go together! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A room in* EVELYN'S *house.*

Enter EVELYN, R.

Eve. Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth—I have managed even Sharp; my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha! ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require.

Enter GRAVES, R.

Well, Graves, what do the people say of me?

Graves. Everything that's bad!

Eve. Three days ago I was universally respected. I awake this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet I am the same man.

Graves. Humph! why gambling———

Eve. Cant! it was not criminal to gamble—it was criminal to lose. Tut!—will you deny that, if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself, every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man—Man! I've not been rich and poor for nothing! The Vices and the Virtues are written in a language the World cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are FAILURE and SUCCESS! You alone are unchanged.

Graves. There's no merit in that. I am always ready to mingle my tears with any man. [*Aside.*] I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it. Hark ye, Evelyn! I like you—I'm rich; and anything I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now it's out.

Eve. [*Touched.*] There's something good in human nature after all! My dear friend, did I want your aid I would accept it, but I can extricate myself yet. Do you think Georgina will give me the same proof of confidence and affection?

Graves. Would you break your heart if she did not?

Eve. It is in vain to deny that I still love Clara.

Graves. What do you intend to do?

Eve. This:—If Georgina still adheres to my fortunes, if she can face the prospect, not of ruin and poverty, for reports wrong me there, but of a moderate independence; if, in one word, she loves me for myself, I will shut Clara for ever from my thought. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfil its vows.

Graves. And if she reject you?

Eve. [*Joyfully.*] If she do, I am free once more! And then—then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonor, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

Enter SERVANT, R. *with a letter.*

Eve. [*Crosses to meet him.—After reading it.*] The die is cast—the dream is over! Generous girl! Oh, Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

Graves. Georgina, is it possible?

Eve. And the delicacy the womanhood, the exquisite

grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

Graves. And *I too!*

Eve. It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer: I will write at once to undeceive that generous heart. [*Writing.*]

Graves. I would have given 1000*l.* if that little jade Clara had been beforehand: but just like my luck! if I want a man to marry one woman, he's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me! [EVELYN *rings the bell.*

Enter SERVANT, R.

Eve. Take this instantly to Miss Vesey; say I will call in an hour. [*Exit Servant.*] Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

Graves. You are re-engaged then to Georgina!

Eve. Irrevocably.

Enter SERVANT, R., *announcing* LADY FRANKLIN *and* MISS DOUGLAS.

Lady Frank. My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations—it is reported you are about to leave the country—we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you?

Eve. Madam—I———

Lady Frank. Come, come—do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am: your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him. [*Crosses and speaks, aside, to* GRAVES.]—Let us leave them to themselves.

Graves. You're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does.

[*Goes up with Lady Franklin.*

Eve. Miss Douglas, I may well want words to thank you; this goodness—this sympathy—

Clara. [*Abandoning herself to her emotion.*] Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus!—Goodness! sympathy!—I have learned *all—all!* It is for ME to speak of *gratitude!* To you—you—I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were

so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh! noble Evelyn, this, then, was your revenge!

Eve. You owe me no thanks; that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted you, though you knew it not? Even if separated for ever —even if another's—even in distant years—perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices, that might call you "mother!"—even then should the uses of that dross bring to your lips one smile—that smile was mine—due to me—due, as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected—to the love that you despised!

Clara. Despised! See the proof that I despised you! see: in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forget the world—my pride—perhaps too much my sex: I remember but your sorrow—I am here!

Eve. And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet, and asked but *one day* the hope to call you mine, —spoke only of poverty, and answered, "*Never?*"

Clara. Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had ensured your misery. Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous; gifted, like you, with genius, ambition; sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done—married one whose only dowry was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself!—I saw that ambition wither to despair!—I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man's agony—the bitter life—the early death!—and heard over his breathless clay my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly, to repay you with such a doom?

Eve. Clara, we should have shared it!

Clara. Shared? Never let the woman who really loves, comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, also, cannot share the struggle—she can but witness despair! And, therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

Eve. Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then.

Clara. But *I* am not poor; *we* are not so poor! Of this fortune, which is all your own—if, as I hear, one half would free you from your debts, why, *we have the other half still left*, Evelyn! It is humble—but it is not penury.

Eve. Cease, cease—you know not how you torture me. Oh—why were such blessed words not vouchsafed to me before?—why, why come they now—too late? Oh, heaven—too late!

Clara. Too late! What then have I said?

Eve. I am bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty, and honor, to another!

Clara. Another! Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this—indeed, I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself! O, shame! he must despise me now! [*Goes up.*

Enter SIR JOHN; *at the same time* GRAVES *and* LADY FRANKLIN *come down.*

Sir John. [*With dignity and frankness.*] Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defence, that—that I cannot resist her. What's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the 10,000*l.*

Eve. I know; and have already received it.

Sir John. (R.) Already received it! Is he joking? Faith, for the last two days I believe I have been living amongst the Mysteries of Udolpho! Sister, have you seen Georgina?

Lady Frank. (R.) Not since she went out to walk in the square.

Sir John. [*Aside.*] She's not in the square nor the house. Where the deuce can the girl be?

Eve. I have written to Miss Vesey—I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

Sir John. [*Joyfully.*] Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly—she must be back by this time; take my carriage, it is but a step—you won't be two minutes gone. [*Aside.*] I'd go myself, but I'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he's in such excellent dispositions.

Lady Frank. [*Repulsing Clara.*] No, no: stay till I return. [*Exit*, R.

Sir John. And don't be down-hearted, my dear fellow; if the worst come to the worst, you will have everything I can leave you. Meantime. if I can in any way help you—

Eve. Ha!—you!—*you*, too? Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey?—[*aside*] or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

Sir John. No; on my honor. [*Shouts without.* Hurrah—hurrah! Blue forever!] What's that?

Enter Sharp, R.

Sharp. Sir, a deputation from Groginhole—poll closed in the first hour—you are returned? Hollow, Sir—hollow!

Eve. And it was to please Clara!

Sir John. Mr. Sharp—Mr. Sharp—I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash & Co.

Sharp. Oh, a great deal, Sir—a great deal.

Sir John. [*Alarmed.*] How!—a great deal!

Eve. Speak the truth, Sharp—concealment is all over.

Sharp. 223*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*—a great sum to throw away.

Sir John. Eh! what, my dear boy?—what? Ha! ha! all humbug, was it?—all humbug, upon my soul! So, Mr. Sharp, is'nt he ruined after all?—not the least, wee, rascally, little bit in the world, ruined?

Sharp. Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

Sir John. Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms.—[*Knocking*, R.] And that's my sister's knock, too.

Clara. Since I was mistaken, cousin—since, now, you do not need me—forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

Eve. Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled! And must we part now—*now*, when—when—

Enter Lady Franklin *and* Georgina, *followed by* Blount, *who looks shy and embarrassed.*

Graves. Georgina herself—then there's no hope!

Sir John. What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here? Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want to—

Eve. Stand back, Sir John.

Sir John. But I must speak a word to her—I want to—

Eve. Stand back, I say—not a whisper—not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to *her* heart only will I look for a reply to *mine*.

Lady Frank. [*To Georgina.*] Speak the truth, niece.

Eve. Georgina, it is true, then, that you trust me with your confidence—your fortune? Is it also true that, when you did so, you believed me ruined? Answer as if your father stood not there—answer as the woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted *should* answer, to one who has trusted to it his all!

Geor. What can he mean?

Sir John. [*Making signs.*] She won't look this way, she won't!—hang her—HEM!

Eve. You falter. I implore—I adjure you, answer!

Lady Frank. The truth!

Geor. Mr. Evelyn; your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

Sir John. Good girl: you hear her, Evelyn?

Geor. What's money without happiness?

Sir John. Clever creature!—my own sentiments!

Geor. And, so, as our engagement is now annulled—papa told me so this very morning—I have promised my hand where I have given my heart—to Sir Frederick Blount.

Sir John. I told you—I? No such thing—no such thing: you frighten her out of her wits—she don't know what sh's saying.

Eve. Am I awake? But this letter—this letter, received to-day——

Lady Frank. [*Looking over the letter.*] Drummond's!—from a banker!

Eve. Read—read.

Lady Frank. "*Ten thousand pounds just placed to your account, from the same unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn!*" Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning!

Eve. Clara! What!—and the former one with the same signature—on the faith of which I pledged my hand and sacrificed my heart—

Lady Frank. Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that—

Eve. Look up, look up, Clara—I am free! I am released! you forgive me? you love me?—you are mine! We are rich—rich! I can give you fortune, power—I can

devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul—I am all yours, Clara—my own, my wife!

Sir John. A pretty mess you've made of it, to humbug your own father! And you, too, Lady Franklin, I am to thank you for this!

Lady Frank. You've to thank me that she's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick; I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

Geor. [*Half sobbing.*] And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill used, and you would settle it all at the club.

Blount. Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device! After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the 10,000*l.*—

Eve. I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness?

Sir John. Pshaw—nonsense—stuff! Don't humbug me.

Lady Frank. But if you don't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

Sir John. Hum! there's something in that.—[*Aside to Evelyn.*] Double it, will you? Then settle it all *tightly* on her. Well—well—my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you.—[*Pinching her arm.*] Ugh, you fool! [*Blount and Geor. go up.*

Graves. [*To Lady Franklin.*] I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we? eh? Frankly, now, frankly——

Lady Frank. Frankly, now, there's my hand.

Graves. Accepted! Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction.

Enter Smooth, r.

Smooth. How d'ye do, Alfred?—I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

Blount. Wish us joy, Smooth—Georgina's mine, and—

Smooth. And our four friends there, apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick.

Sir John. Sir, you're very———Confound the fellow! and he's a dead shot too!

Enter Stout *and* Glossmore *hastily, talking with each other.*

Stout. I'm sure he's of our side; we've all the intelligence.

Gloss. I'm sure he's of our's if his fortune is safe, for we've all the property.

Stout. Just heard of your return, Evelyn! Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

Gloss. Preserve the Constitution!

Stout. Your money will do wonders for the party!—Advance!

Gloss. The party respects men of your property! Stick fast!

Eve. I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow, does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys.

Smooth. Meaning John Bull. *Ce cher* old John!

Eve. Smooth, we have yet to settle our first piquet account, and our last! And I sincerely thank you for the service you have rendered to me, and the lesson you have given these gentlemen.—[*Turning to Clara.*] Ah, Clara, you—you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends—we must confess it—amidst the humours and the follies, the vanities, deceits, and vices that play their part in the Great Comedy of Life—it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of the Time with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

Graves. But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without——

Lady Frank. Good health;

Graves. Good spirits;

Clara. A good heart;

Smooth. An innocent rubber;
Geor. Congenial tempers;
Blount. A pwoper degwee of pwudence;
Stout. Enlightened opinions;
Gloss. Constitutional principles;
Sir John. A little humbug;
Eve. And———plenty of Money!

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Gloss. Stout. Blount. Geor. Eve. Cla. Smooth. Sir John. Lady F. Gra.

[L. R.]